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IV. B.

The Missile



MARCH, 1914.

Petersburg High School
Petersburg, Virginia.



THIS NUMBER OF THE

“MISSILE”

IS DEDICATED TO THE

FEBRUARY CLASS OF 1914

— OF —

PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL.

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THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School,
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

Vol. III.

MARCH, 1914.

No. 4

CLASS POEM.

We've fought our battles side by side
For four successive years ;
We've struggled on through rain and shine,
Surmounting all doubts and fears;
But now the moment has arrived
For us to say good-bye ;
'Tis a little word which is often heard,
But 'twill cause us many a sigh.

Oh, dear old red brick school house,
Which sheltered us day by day;
Oh, teachers so true and faithful,
Who led us along the way:
We hate to leave you forever ;
But as long as life shall last,
We'll forget you never, ah never,
Remembering with joy the past.

But the door of the workaday world
Has creaked on its hinges for us,
And we'll gladly accept the challenge,
And work as brave students must;


And in after days, when with laurels won,
We'll look back to the bygone years
And think of our happy school days,
Our eyes will be dimmed with tears.

But dear old Alma Mater,
This promise we make to you:
That wherever in life our place we find,
To you we will ever be true.
We'll never soil thy escutcheon,
Or place a blot on thy shield;
And we'll follow the lesson so nobly taught,
Never, no never, to yield.

M. HELEN McCaleb, '14.

PATRICIA'S CAREER.

CHAPTER I.

 PATRICIA BROWNING made a very pretty picture as she stood on the landing in the bright sunshine which poured through the latticed windows. But Patricia was not happy; any one could see that. There was a pucker on the little face and a dissatisfied air about her which meant that the world and Patricia were at odds.

But what could be the matter? Here was a girl, not beautiful, but inexpressibly charming, one of those care-free people whose happy lot it is to have everything come her way. Her people were very poor, Dr. Browning earning hardly enough from his country practice to support the family; but who should come forward to provide her

higher education but her wealthy god-mother, Mrs. Whitson? Then luck was always on her side; for though she was not a hard student, it happened that the Latin on her exam. was the only passage she had translated, and the problems in Geometry were the ones she knew, and thus it was always.

In spite of all this, Patricia looked unhappy as she gazed into the dining-room, cozy although the carpet was thread-bare, and saw the quiet couple, happy in spite of poverty.

"Oh, I'm so tired of it all!" burst forth the rebellious maiden. "Why will Mama persist in crocheting and Papa in reading that weekly paper! Crocheting! Weekly papers! Could anything be more humdrum? I'm just sick of it all; I want to *live*!"

Well, Patricia soon had her chance, for at her place were waiting two letters, one a long and business-like envelope, the other small and dainty-looking. The former proved to be an offer of a position in the Bryn Mawr preparatory school. Here was something interesting at last! But let's look at the other. Why, it's addressed to Mrs. Browning and has been opened!

"DEAREST MATTY.

Do you remember when we were girls how we planned to live in the social whirl of town? I realized that ambition, but you supplanted it by one possibly better. However, for old time's sake, give our girl a chance, and lend her to me for my very own for just one season. I know her father expects great things of her in another way, but let her be young while she may, and give me some share in my god-child.

Lovingly your friend,

EMMA WHITSON."

The fond parents watched Patricia's face closely, but her father's face fell as he saw her radiant expression when she read the second letter. He had hoped more from his darling daughter, but the matter was to be decided entirely as Patricia wished.

CHAPTER II.

It was the last Sunday in November. The snow had fallen all night long, and the day broke on a dreary world of white. It was bitter outside, but the warm air arose to the vaulted ceiling of the most fashionable church in Philadelphia. The heavenly tones of the great pipe organ echoed from all sides, and the richly-clad worshippers glided up the long isle by twos and threes. It was still early when the doors admitted two women who caused a stir of interest. A murmur passed from pew to pew that this tiny, fair slip of a girl, clad in handsomest black velvet and furs was Patricia Browning, whom Mrs. Whitson had produced from nowhere, and who had set on fire the hearts of Philadelphia's youth. They took a pew high up and settled back among the handsome cushions.

Emma Whitson could feel the eyes of the congregation, and a thrill of pride went through her heart. Patricia was a success. A picture arose before her mind's eye, and the church was replaced by the bustling railroad station. A train rushes in and stops. Off jumps a slip of a girl in shabby blue serge. Mrs. Whitson had not seen her god-child for years; but no one could forget those deep blue eyes, the only redeeming feature of Patricia's face. Perhaps the memory of those eyes was what had caused Mrs. Whitson to ask the girl to Philadelphia. Now, as she sees the homely face and shabby

clothes, she begins to lose heart; but by one smile, a smile such as one seldom sees, she is entirely reassured. From this scene her vision passes to her own pretty boudoir on last Thursday night. The door opens, and a slight figure clad in a kimona enters. Patricia drops at her feet.

"It is divine, divine, god-mother!" and the sparkle of the azure eyes recalled to her the belle of last evening, who would probably be the belle of the season.

Emma Whitson's reflections were interrupted by the deep roll of the organ and the swell of human voices. Now the voices cease, and the deep tones of the minister resound through the church. It is the time for the sermon, and the robed minister arises to introduce the visiting clergyman. Then there arises a frail, insignificant-looking old man. The fashionable audience is astonished; but soon all eyes are fixed on his; all hearts beat with his. The earnest voice alone breaks the intense silence. He is telling of his life, his people, his work.

"And yonder among the snow-capped mountains of your State there are people, your brethren, flesh of your flesh and blood of your blood, who have never known that Christ came to save the world. They live in darkness, ignorance, and crime. They are calling to-day; the Macedonians are calling from afar. Who will go?" The pleading voice died away, and once more the congregation breathed freely.

Of course, there was much talk about the wonderful sermon and the powerful preacher, but it was all the talk of those who say everything and do nothing. One tongue, however, is silent; one heart beats fast; and one brain is busy. There is one who will not forget, a little country

girl, in spite of all her fine feathers. In her heart the seed lodged, and there it grew.

CHAPTER III.

"Yas'm."

"Well?"

"I'm Sandy."

"Oh! Well, I'm Patty," and a flash from the azure eyes told of a spirit within that simply could not resist the temptation to be mischievous. However, Patricia's sly looks were all lost on Sandy, for embarrassment had nailed his eyes to his shoes. This was not what he had expected; but he did not know that Patricia was never what she was expected to be. In the first place, when Mrs. Brady had told him to go meet the school-ma'am, he had pictured to himself a tall, rawboned lady with a severe expression and eyeglasses. However, this girl with the smiling face and curly hair must be the new teacher, for she was the only passenger of the puffy little train. Her appearance was astounding, but her first speech was even more so. She was not half bad.

"Well, Mr. Sandy, I suppose you will take me to Mrs. Brady's?" Sandy was too embarrassed for words and could only untie the horse by way of assent.

Neither spoke for a few moments. Sandy was too busy wiping out firmly established impressions and trying to think that schools were not such a plague after all. Patricia was busy thinking, too. Would she ever forget that awful struggle and her fruitless attempts to drown the preacher's words in a sea of pleasure? But they kept coming back. "The Macedonians are calling. Who will go?" She began to feel differently toward the social world. Next came the talk with Papa at Christmas; then Patricia

knew what the result would be. It came over her like a flood that Dr. Browning had been disappointed in his girl, and now she saw a chance of redeeming herself. Of course, Mother had a secret feeling of gladness, too; but god-mother and the fashionable world! Patricia felt sure their horrified exclamations would always make her laugh in spite of bluest blues. But Patricia had decided, and nothing could change that decision. Besides, she was wearied of society and longed for a change.

She saw with a twinkle in her eye that here was a chance for something new, something interesting. You see, it was the same Patricia, playful and fickle. Now that there was a new scheme, it was as much sport as anything else had seemed. However, Patricia could not keep from smiling as she thought what her Philadelphia friends would think if they could see her perched on a wagon beside a sandy-haired, freckle-faced youth, bumping over the corduroy mountain road. It was really too funny! Six months ago such a thing had never occurred to her, and here she was now actually on her way as a missionary to the mountain people. She would prove worthy too. Patricia had decided, and that was enough.

Finally, she could stand it no longer and burst into the merriest peals of laughter. Sandy, startled, glanced down with an inquiring look at the girlish figure at his side. No, she was not half bad. Perhaps he wasn't quite so sorry that he had had to drive through the mountains to meet the schoolma'am.

"Oh, Mr. Sandy, I'm so sorry! I really didn't mean to disturb you, but it was so funny. Now, forgive me, and tell me who you are."

"Just Sandy, ma'am. That's all."

"Well, what do you do?"

"I does odd jobs about Brady's store, ma'am. I dunno where I come from. I ain't got no folks. I just does what Mr. Brady gimme t'do." Sandy's voice was wistful. This was all new to him. When had any one shown any interest in him? He was just Sandy, that was all, and no one tried to make more of the fact. Sandy thought he must be about sixteen, but in all these long years he could remember no one's ever having noticed him. He slept over Brady's store and ate in his kitchen and worked for him, but Sandy meant nothing to any one; he was generally considered simple.

"Will you come to school, Sandy?"

"No'm," there was a tinge of sadness in Sandy's voice. Oh, what a change! Had he ever thought he would like to go to school! But, you see, a lot depends upon the teacher, and Sandy had decided that he did *not* dislike her.

"Oh, I wish you would," and she really did, for there was something in this rough mountain lad that touched her. "Do come. You aren't too big, for we are never too old to learn."

Sandy slowly shook his head. He pictured to himself the laugh he would cause should he ask Mr. Brady to let him spend his spare time in school. He was fully convinced that he did not have so much mental capacity as others, that he was doomed for life to be just what he had always been.

No more words were spoken until the horse stopped before a mountain cabin and Sandy jumped out. For the first time in his life he stopped to help a lady. He had never before felt called upon to do so, but Patricia was altogether different from any one he had ever seen.

He actually ventured to make a remark of his own accord.

"Thank you, ma'am, for thinking o' me. I hope you'll get 'long nice, ma'am," and he grasped the hand extended to him,

"Thank you very much for that and for bringing me over. Good-bye," and Patricia left him gazing after her. He stood motionless. It was all so different, so dream-like. He was sure he should soon awake. This was the school teacher. He could hardly get used to the idea; and, wonder of wonders, he liked her. Yes, he was quite sure he liked her. He turned to lead the horse away, and his ears were met by a roar of laughter. It was a crowd of loafers on the store porch. He was not surprised; he thought the spell would break. Neither did he mind this cruel awakening, for he could not remember when he had not been ridiculed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

M. FRANCES DREWRY, '14

A POSER.

The Doctor—"You should diet—eat onions—they are the secret of life."

The Patient—"Yes; but how can you keep it a secret?"

.....


HEARTLESS.

"Eddie, what's the matter? Fall on the ice?"

"No. I tried to hang some pictures and stood some dictionaries on a table, and they slipped from under me."

"Words failed you, I suppose."

AT THE SIXTH HURDLE.

 ROBERT LEE CHAPMAN, SR., was a wealthy Texas ranch owner, and as he proudly asserted, a member of the class of '86 at the University of Virginia. Robert Lee, Jr., was the image of his father. He did not know what fear was; he loved to hunt and ride, and there was no broncho on the ranch that he could not master. He was of medium height, had large brown eyes, dark hair, a well-formed nose, a firm mouth, and was altogether very pleasing to look upon. To say that his father was proud of him would be only a mild way of expressing the father's feeling toward his manly son. Bob, as he was called by his friends, was fairly worshipped by his father, but not in such a way as would pamper or spoil; for the father was very careful in training his son.

When Bob's Prep school education was finished, it was his father's desire that he should enter the University. It took a great effort for Bob to tear himself away from the ranch, and this feeling was shared by his father, who hated exceedingly to see his son leave. Bob's father drove him to Dean's Junction, the small railway station, where he was to board the train for Charlottesville. Chapman, Sr., did not burden his son with what he should and what he should not do; he had every confidence in Bob, and his farewell consisted of a hearty handshake and the following words:

"Son, always do your duty, even though it damns you."

Bob soon became very popular at the University. His frank, open manner secured him many friends, and a few weeks after his arrival, he was taken into one of the lead-

ing fraternities. At the call for foot ball candidates, Bob was one of the first to report. With his father's parting words ringing in his ears, he went on the field determined to give old Virginia the best he had in him. On account of the large number of letter men who had returned, Bob's chance for the 'varsity was slight, but as sub end, he participated in the majority of the games and returned home for the Christmas holidays, proudly wearing his "V."

Bob's father was delighted at his son's success in classes as well as in athletics, but with this feeling of satisfaction there came a pang of sorrow. The Bob who returned home for the Christmas holidays was not the same Bob who had departed in the fall for the University. He no longer liked to hunt and ride and enjoy the wild life on a Texas ranch, but was content to lounge around the house, read magazines, play the mandolin, and do other things which hitherto he would have looked upon with disdain. Bob's father was worried, but he managed to conceal this feeling when his son was around. What was the matter? What had caused the change? Could Bob have lost his nerve? Everything indicated that he had lost his nerve, and his father determined to test him in the near future.

Holidays being over, Bob returned to the University. It was on the indoor track that Bob proved a winner. Under the careful eyes of coach and trainer, he developed into a wonderful hurdler. At the Baltimore meet, he easily captured the 120-yard hurdles, coming within two-fifths of a second of the world's indoor record. He received a letter from his father a few days after the meet, congratulating him on his success and urging him to do

his best for old Virginia. The track squad now settled down to hard work preparatory to the dual meet with Georgetown University to be held in Washington the coming Saturday. Two events in this meet were for the South Atlantic Championship—the 880-yard run and the 120-yard hurdles. Virginia was counted an easy winner in the 880; but Carson, the Blue and Gray's star hurdler, was expected to push Chapman hard, if not defeat him, in the hurdle race.

The track squad held its final try-outs Friday afternoon and left early Saturday morning for Washington. A record-breaking crowd attended the meet that night. The meet itself proved the most exciting in years. Both teams were well trained and about equally matched. The 120-yard hurdles was the twenty-third and last event on the program. Just as the call was issued for the twenty-second event, Bob felt a touch on his elbow. Turning, he saw a messenger boy with a note in his hand.

"Mr. Chapman?" inquired the boy.

"Yes," replied Bob.

"Message for you," said the boy and was immediately lost in the crowd. Wondering, Bob unfolded the message and read the following:

"CHAPMAN:

Carson must win the hurdle race. I'll be stationed opposite the sixth hurdle, and if you're ahead then, I'll shoot you. You've seen me, and you know I can shoot straight.

RED WILLIAMS."

Bob was surprised beyond expression and naturally somewhat frightened. He could not understand it. Who was Williams? He read the missive a second time, and

like a flash, it came to him. Williams had at one time been in his father's employ on the ranch and had been discharged on account of drunkenness. He was recognized as the best pistol shot in the Southwest, and Bob knew Williams could easily pick him off as he went over the last hurdle. His first thought was to retire from the race, but his father's words came to him like a voice from the sky. It was his duty to the Orange and Blue to run that race, and he'd do it regardless of consequences.

"All out for the 120-yard hurdles," yelled the announcer.

As he toed the mark, Bob glanced at the score board and saw the following: Georgetown 35, Virginia 34. Bob won his heat in easy style, as did Carson, the Georgetown star. Then came the finals. Several thoughts entered Bob's mind as he came to the scratch. To lose the race meant the loss of the meet for Virginia. To win meant almost certain death. It did not take him long to decide; he'd do his best in spite of impending danger.

"On your marks! Get set! Bang!"

At the crack of the pistol four clean limbed athletes leaped forward. Carson led over the first hurdle, but Bob made up between hurdles and they went over the second and third hurdles neck-and-neck. Bob took the lead over the fourth hurdle and gradually increased it. As he approached the sixth hurdle, he was leading by a yard. A lump came in his throat, but he did not falter.

"Bang."

As he cleared the last standard, the report of a revolver rang out. Bob, however, was uninjured and breasted the tape ten feet ahead of his nearest opponent. A second afterward, he felt a hearty slap on his back. Turning,

he saw his father, holding in his hand a smoking revolver from which he was taking several blank cartridges.

"You're true blue, son," said Chapman, Sr.

"Then 'twas you?" asked Bob in amazement.

A broad smile was the only answer; Chapman, Sr. was well pleased with his son.

ROSLYN D. YOUNG, '14.

THE PASSING OF LEE.

O'er the land the news has travelled;
There is grief from shore to shore,
And the whole world bows in sorrow,
For Lee, the matchless, is no more.


The South has lost her greatest son;
Each man has lost a friend;
For death, the supreme, has summoned
The greatest of all great men.

'Tis true to die is common;
Yet we cannot help but grieve,
Since the one who has departed
Seemed too good, too dear, to leave.

But the name of Lee will ever
Be a bright star in our sky,
For the South's immortal general
Although gone, can never die.

ROSLYN YOUNG, '14.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS.

 IX-YEAR-OLD Jimmy and five-year-old Doris had been playing for some time on the back porch, which served as a street car. Jimmy was both the motorman and the conductor, while Doris had to play passenger. After little, fat, chubby Doris had gone up and down the steps seventeen times, Teddy Neville called over the back fence, "Hey, Jim, look what I found."

"What?" asked Jimmy, climbing from his perch on the railing.

"What?" echoed Doris.

"A dead bird, ain't he a beaut?"

"Right good looking," said Jimmy, strutting towards the fence with his hands in his pockets.

"Come on over, and let's bury him."

"Can't," said Jimmy moodily.

"Can't," echoed his little sister.

"Why?" asked Ted.

"'Cause," said Jimmy.

"'Cause," echoed Doris.

"'Cause what?" asked Ted.

"'Cause my mama said for us not to go out the back gate," sighed Jimmy.

"Not out the back gate," said Doris, sucking her thumb.

"One of these palings is loose," said Teddy happily; "come through."

No sooner said than done; both children landed safely on the other side of the fence. "Ted is oldest; he ought to know what's right," thought Jimmy.

After the hole had been dug, Jimmy suddenly exclaimed, "I'm going to be the preacher."

"I'm oldest," said Teddy; "I'm going to be preacher; you be the choir, Jim."

"Ain't going do it," said Jim. "I'm going to be the ball barren."

"You mean ball bearer," said Teddy with satisfaction.

"I fought 'twas wheel barrow," said little Doris.

"No 'tain't, it's ball bearer," said Teddy, putting great stress on the *ball*.

"Well, what is I going to be?" asked the little girl.

"Congregation," said Jimmy quickly.

"I ain't going to be no creation, either. You always makes me the passengers, and I ain't going to be no passengers or creation this time," sobbed the little girl.

"You be the chief mourner then," said Teddy soothingly.

At once Doris began to mourn, and Teddy started his sermon, stating that his text was, *The Quick and the Dead*. At this Jimmy dumped the bird into the hole, and looked up surprised when Ted said rather crossly, "Jim, don't dump him in yet."

"Didn't you say 'Be quick with the dead?'" asked Jimmy.

Teddy made no reply, for he had but the faintest idea what the quick and the dead meant.

"We are so grieved this bird has departed," continued Teddy. "But, brethren, his feets won't get cold and foot-sore no more, and he won't have to carry any more bread in his tired mouth, and there won't be no more boys to kill him."

At this Doris began to mourn louder than ever and sway backwards until she fell off the tin can upon which

she was sitting. Very solemnly Teddy held out his hand and said, "The Lord make us thankful for what we are about to receive—amen!"

"I ain't thankful for what I'm 'bout to receive," said Jimmy. "There's my mama looking for me now."

DOROTHY SPOONER '16.

LOST IN A CORN-FIELD.

ANY YEARS have passed since the occurrence I am about to relate; yet the scene of that event is as vividly impressed upon my memory as though it were but yesterday.

My father's home was far from the city, and my nearest neighbors were a young couple without children, with whom I became a great pet. I was at this time about four years of age, full of spirit and of a fearless and daring nature. I was often invited to spend the day with these neighbors, but was always sent home before sunset. Upon this memorable day, however, my kind hostess sent over and asked permission of my mother to keep me until the next morning; and I, the petted and caressed darling, was overjoyed at the prospect of spending the night with my doting friends. Nothing occurred during the day to dampen my happiness until the sun began to set. I have never since watched a sunset without again feeling that sinking of the heart that all at once came over me, a lonely, home-sick child. While my friend was attending to some household duties, I suddenly thought of escaping and getting home! No sooner did the thought occur than I put it into action. Slipping

as quietly as possible from the house, I entered a large field of corn that separated the two plantations.

It was in the month of July, and the whole field was covered with tall, beautiful stalks and waving foliage. To reach home before my escape was discovered was my only thought, for my childish mind did not comprehend the danger. Fearing pursuit, I stood and listened; and hearing my name called, I quickened my steps and ran, regardless of direction, into the labyrinth of waving green. As the echo of my name became louder, my foot-steps were redoubled; and so running heedlessly along, I soon became so frightened and bewildered that I could scarcely stand. But as the pursuit came closer and closer, I again took courage and ran aimlessly around in the hope of reaching home before I was overtaken.

Becoming thoroughly alarmed, my good friends had sent word to my father of the runaway; and he, with men with torches in hand, had joined in the pursuit. Again and again did the hills resound with the echo of my name; but as each sound reached my ear, I pressed more eagerly forward, not recognizing in my flight the loving voice of my father. At last, after what seemed to him an age, he bade them all keep still, and listening in the silence, he soon learned from the whispering leaves the whereabouts of his little daughter. Gathering me tenderly in his arms, he bore me sobbing home; and many years elapsed before I was again allowed to spend the night from home.

Now, whenever I stand and gaze at a beautiful sunset and watch the twilight as it slowly deepens into dusk, there in silhouette against the sky is a beautiful field of waving green, and in the midst thereof stands a lonely, homesick child.



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HAVING completed the most successful term in the history of its existence, the *Missile* is again launched. The term just completed was in every way the most successful. The finances were remarkably well conducted, and the treasurer's report showed a neat

balance on hand; the literary contributions were very good, but not as large as we are desirous of having them; the circulation was exceedingly well carried on; and every thing tended toward making it a banner year. A new staff has been elected, and the work on the new issue begun with the purpose of making the present term superior to even its predecessor. We do not, however, wish the pupils of this school to think that the *Missile* is the property of the few who compose its staff, for such is not the case. The *Missile* is the property of every pupil of this school, and its success depends upon the support and co-operation which are accorded it by the pupils. By support we do not mean simply paying twenty-five cents and subscribing to the magazine for a term. Financial support is very good, but the *Missile* must have stories, sketches, poems, etc., and upon you it is entirely dependent for these things. We should contribute to the *Missile*, since it is our duty to do so; not only our duty to the Magazine, but indeed our duty to the school which we attend, and of which we should be justly proud. And besides, should it prove any inducement to you, there is a prize of one dollar offered in each grade for the best story, and a prize of two dollars and a half for the best poem from the school. Each pupil should write at least one story during the term, but such is not the case; the same few contribute each month. This is not the proper spirit. We should not be willing for a few to do all the work. The editors cannot make the *Missile* a success without your support. The *Missile* is at your mercy. Will you make it a success or a failure?

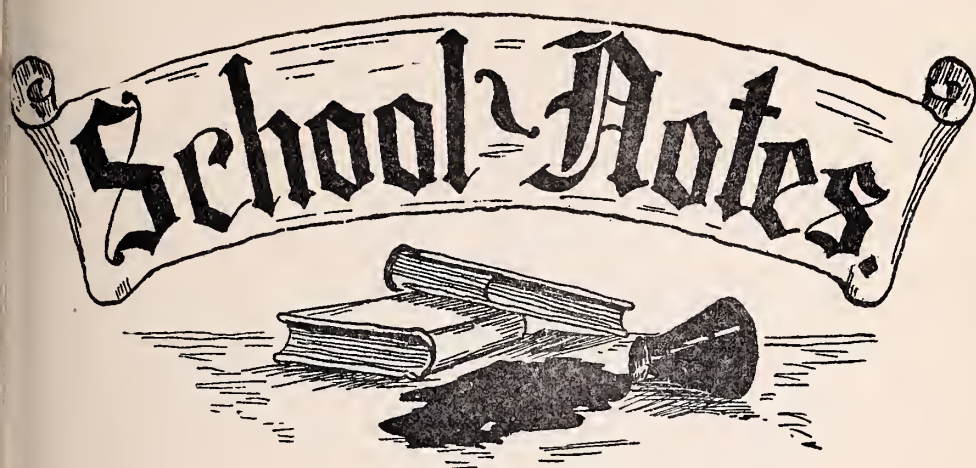
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T IS indeed gratifying to note the great interest the pupils of this school are taking in the literary societies which have been organized recently. For a number of years attempts have been made to organize literary societies in this school, but they were never successful until the present term when Prof. Wolf, the Principal, with the hearty co-operation of the student body, succeeded in perfecting the organization of the John W. Daniel and the Thomas Nelson Page Literary Societies. These societies have a total enrollment of about one hundred. Meetings are held every Friday morning in the Assembly Hall, the societies meeting alternately. Thus far these meetings have been highly satisfactory and pleasing to all who attend. The programs for these meetings, have been composed of debates, readings, addresses, and musical numbers. The literary societies are successes in every way, and their influence is beginning to tell on the pupils of the school. The literary societies have come to stay; so let's every one lend a helping hand and make the societies of this school the equal of any in the State.

* W *

WE ARE very sorry to perceive that the students of our school have resolved themselves into very distinct bodies to which the names doers and lookers-on might well be applied. It has become quite an ordinary occurrence to hear pupils say that a few chosen ones enjoy all the advantages derived from the vari-

ous associations and societies which exist here in our school. When they make these remarks, they fail to consider the fact that they do not make the slightest effort toward the advancement of their interest in these affairs, but, like parasites, depend upon others to do everything that is done; while those who share these benefits are always striving to better their own conditions and at the same time promote the interests of those who do not work. If some of these parasites would do a little hard work, they would soon see how easy it is to become a doer, and how much more pleasure and happiness there is in seeing the results of your own work, than in the work of others. Opportunities to make all of us doers present themselves almost daily; and if we will only take advantage of them and put forth our best efforts for the mutual benefit of every one, we shall eliminate this body of parasites from our school, which will be one of the greatest accomplishments that we are able to perform. When a proposition is made to us that needs our help, do not say "Some one else will do that; they do not need my aid;" but say "This thing is for the benefit of the school, and it needs my aid, and I am going to do my duty regardless of my personal feelings."



During the month of February we were favored with another visit by Miss Stuart, of the Audubon Society of Virginia, who came to lecture to us about two years ago. She gave us a very interesting sketch on the subject of birds: how we should learn to love them, and, in consequence, form little societies to prevent their slaughter. Her talk was enjoyed by all.

.....

Monday morning, February 16, four of our High School boys entertained us with their various speeches which they had prepared for the Declamation contest, to be held in Richmond on the 20th. While all recited their pieces beautifully, Mr. Arthur Elliott was selected by a committee to be our representative. He did honor to his alma mater in the contest; but owing to the fact that his competitors had had several years' practice in public speaking, he did not win the first honor, but from all reports he was among the best.

.....

On Gen. Robt. E. Lee's birthday, the Rev. James A. McClure, of the Second Presbyterian Church, gave us a

very interesting and instructive sketch of the life of that illustrious soldier and statesman.

.....

On February 23d, the Rev. Samuel T. Senter, pastor of the Washington St. Methodist Church, gave us a talk on George Washington. He pointed out to us the traits of that noble general's character that made him great, and urged us to adopt his mottoes. We were very glad to have Mr. Senter with us, and hope he will visit us often in the future.

.....

The many friends of Miss Helen Townes, of II. B, who has been absent for the last three weeks on account of sickness, will be pleased to know that she is out again and able to resume her studies.

.....

The Seniors were very much interested in a lecture, "Growing Straight," given them by Miss Dargan. She thinks that their class is exceedingly crooked and out of shape. After the lesson, Mr. B. proceeded to take physical culture exercises.

.....

We all regretted very much the absence from school of one of our teachers, Miss Rives, who was compelled to remain at home for a week on account of sickness.

.....

The IV.A class is exceedingly proud of the fact that they have fallen heir to the unique tower room occupied formerly by the IV.B's, and into which they fit exactly.

.....

Miss K.—"Mr. J., what is the word for heavy?"

Mr. J. (II.B)—"Ponderiffimus-a-um."

Miss M.: "What does abeyance mean?"

Miss A., (I.B): "It means to listen with your mouth open."

Miss R.: "How did Hannibal get the war elephants to go across the Rhone river when they were unwilling to swim?"

Miss H., (I.B): "He snow-balled them."

.....

Alas, alas, the poor Seniors! One of our teachers wishes to tie us with strings in order to pull us into our places in class at the proper time.

.....

Mr. M. of I.B thinks that apiary must be a place where apes are kept; another pupil is under the impression that the feminine of monk is she-monkey.

.....

Miss D.—"Where should pleasure begin?"

Mr. K. (thinking deeply)—Why, at the beginning."

.....

Mr. J. of II.B is very much addicted to drawing, and therefore he would be a dangerous recruit in war time. He would be apt to draw the enemy's fire.

.....

The IV.A's are very proud of the fact that Mr. Wyatt Arthur Elliott was chosen from among their number to represent the P. H. S. in the Declamation contest at Richmond College.

.....

Mr. L. of II.B started a poem thus :

"Westward the course of empire takes its way"—

Prof.—continuing,

"You'd better work, or you'll flunk, I say."



VIRGINIA C. RIDENOUR, - - - *Editor.*

As this number of the *Missile* is dedicated to the class of February, 1914, of P. H. S., it seems fitting that the following account of their class night exercises should take the place of the usual Alumni Notes:

The February graduating class of the High School held its class-night exercises March 3rd in the auditorium of the D. M. Brown School. The hall was packed, every seat being taken; and every foot of available standing room was occupied. The exercises were very entertaining and exceedingly well rendered. Each member of the class deserves special praise for his part in the programme, and the great success of the exercises may be attributed not to separate individuals, but to the entire class.

Rev. Samuel T. Senter opened the exercises with a short prayer. The members of the graduating class then presented a very unique and entertaining production entitled "Closing day in a Country School." The first number was the class history by Miss Irene Gilliam. The history was well written and thoroughly interesting. Miss Louise Talbott then read the class prophecy, which caused much laughter and amusement. The class poem, an excellent production and well worthy of praise, was next read by Miss Helen McCaleb. Mr. Bernard Potts then read the class statistics, which were very amusing and drew forth considerable applause from the audience. The class will, by Miss Beatrice Coleman, proved to be one of the most interesting and amusing numbers on the evening's programme.

The class then distributed gifts to the members of the faculty and the graduating class; gifts which caused considerable more laughter from the audience than benefit to the recipients. The first part of the night's programme closed with the class song.

During the intermission it was announced by Prof. Wolff, the principal, that the essay of Miss Alberta Bowman had been selected as the best one of those submitted by the individual members of the class. Miss Bowman then rendered a very beautiful selection on the violin.

Part two of the programme consisted of a light comedy entitled "A Spoiled Darling." The production was in every way a success; each part was exceedingly well taken, and the performance passed off without a hitch. Too great praise cannot be given to the members of the class who participated in this comedy; they conducted themselves in a manner far from amateurish, and clearly

showed the results of hard work and a determination to succeed.

CHARACTERS.

Stanley McAllister Bernard Potts
 Mrs. Stanley McAllister Clara Jackson
 Miss Gwendolyn Riall, *friend of Mrs. McAllister*,
 Louise Talbott
 T. Livingston Vanderslice, *her fiance* . . Charles Gilliam
 Miss Marie Henrietta Kellog, *friend of Mrs.*
 McAllister Beatrice Coleman
 Hunter-Brown, *friend of Mr. McAllister* . Kevan Booth
 Flora O'Flannigan, *Irish Cook* Irene Gilliam
 Bessie, *the Housemaid* Helen McCaleb
 Katie, *the Maid* Elizabeth Drewry
 Roberts, *the Coachman* Wallace Bowman

As a whole the class-night was one of the most successful in the history of the school, and reflects great credit upon the members of the class and all who assisted in its production.

The following is a complete list of the February class: Misses Louise Talbott, Alberta Bowman, Clara Jackson, Irene Gilliam, Beatrice Coleman, Helen McCaleb, Elizabeth Drewry, Otelia Wachsmann, Irene Avent, Lucille Daniel, Lucia Neaves; Messrs. Charles Gilliam, Kevan Booth, Bernard Potts, Wallace Bowman.

Miss K., (coming upon a group of IV.B boys talking noisily): "You boys are carrying on a general conversation, aren't you?"

Mr C., (quickly): "Yes, about English."

.....

Marvellous! Mr. K. is in II.B and is only a Kidd!



The Richmond College—Richmond Blues Track Meet.

We had two teams entered in the events—a midget and a senior relay team.

The midgets ran first in the third event, and, due to a misunderstanding about the distance each man was to run, we had to run two men to the lap. This was a terrible handicap on the start, as we were trained a man for each lap. Burge started and would have given Heath an even chance on his man, had the latter not been accidentally tripped by his opponent; but despite this handicap he was up and off in an instant; and when he gave the race to Chandler, he was only about a yard behind. Chandler and his man were evenly matched; so when his half lap was over, he was still the yard behind. Rees ran last, but not least. When he took the race, he had a handicap of a yard to make up, and when he gave it in at the tape, he had made up the majority of the yard, and needed only about ten yards added to the race to have made it all up; as it was, he was beaten by a matter of only a few inches.

The seniors ran in the eighth event in the following order: Elliott started, Strailman second man, Young third, and Booth finished. The team, taken as a whole and

man by man, did all that could have been done to win the race; but the fates had decided it before we got there, and it all came out as it should have done. We lost this race by as close, or a closer margin than the midgets lost theirs. Virtue has its own reward; so let each one of us congratulate the teams, and lay all the blame on "tough luck," and only on that. Next year we are going to fix up "luck" our way and bring back some laurels for old P. H. S.

A Few Prospects for Base-Ball.

We are going to turn out a winning team this year, with so much old material back and good prospects of some new men showing up. Elliott will, of course, hold his position of three years' standing behind the bat. With Potts in center and Young in left field, and with our last year's substitutes, Booth and Nufer, back, the outfield is pretty well taken care of. Collier is back and is expected to hold down his old position on second. Strailman is expected to hold down first, where he substituted last year. Gill, our sub. third baseman, is still with us and looks good for the regular job this season. Roper will be out and will doubtless remain on short, where he was last year's sub. Walthall, who shared the honors behind the bat with Elliott, is here, and will give Elliott a run for his job.

What the team needs is some competition. Come out and make a place if you can; if you can't, you will know that you have made some one else work harder, and consequently made the team stronger. Don't think that the above line-up is at all a fixed thing; they are merely men who are expected to come out for the positions named.

The more men that come out for the team, the better it will be; so let's every body try to come out and try for the team. What we need is a pitcher. There is not a single one of our last year's staff back. There will be two or three chosen. This is a position which needs filling; think it over, and see if you aren't the man we need.

SCHEDULE.

March 21—John Marshall High School at Petersburg.

March 28—Emporia High School at Emporia.

April 4—Chester High School at Chester.

April 9—Blackstone Academy at Blackstone.

April 10—Farmville High School at Farmville.

April 13—Lynchburg High School at Lynchburg.

April 18—Emporia High School at Petersburg.

April 21—Richmond Academy at Richmond.

April 25—Ashland High School at Petersburg.

April 29—John Marshall High School at Richmond.

May 7—Farmville High School at Petersburg.

May 16—Ashland High School at Petersburg.

Several other games pending.

"If you had say \$500,000,000, would you build libraries or start colleges?"

"Neither. I'd have meat three times a day."

.....

Mr. Y., of IV.A—"Miss R., can you tell me if any of us were exempt on history?"

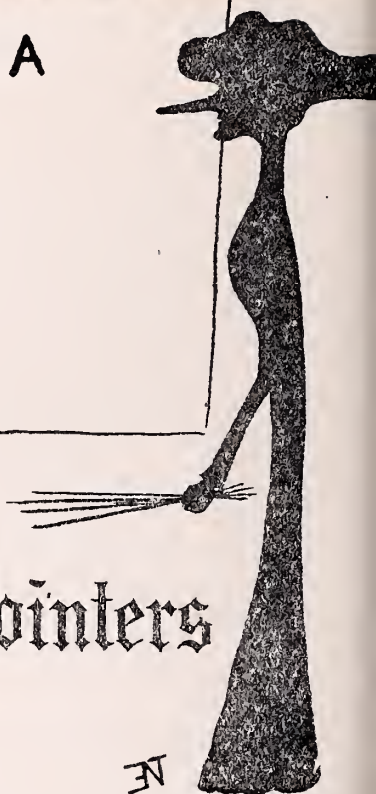
Miss R. (in a very confidential tone)—"Now, Mr. Y., do you really think you can keep a secret?"

Mr. Y. (in a very hopeful tone)—"Yes, indeed, Miss R., I am sure I can."

Miss R.—"Well, Mr. Y., *so can I.*"

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A
DANGEROUS THING

$$\begin{array}{r} 5-3=1 \\ 5 \times 3=14 \end{array}$$



A Few Pointers

Hotel Clerk—"I suppose you want a room with a bath."

Ezra Hayson—"By heck! This is Saturday, ain't it?"

.....

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Tom—"Did your dad give you hail Columbia?"

Jack—"Yes; and I saw star-spangled banner."

.....

STAGE FRIGHT.

Arctic Explorer (before the lecture)—"By Jove! I've made seven trips to the polar regions, and this is the first time I ever had really cold feet!"

Wilson—"My girl has been discharged from the five and ten cent store."

Belle—"For what reason?"

Wilson—"For selling 'Too Much Mustard' for ten cents."

.....

PROOF OF HIS KINDNESS.

"I wonder why Amy refuses to marry Mr. Dooling."

"She's afraid he won't be kind to her."

"Won't be kind to her? Goodness gracious! hasn't she seen the beautiful monument he put up for his first wife?"

.....

Wifey—"Anyhow, a woman's mind is always cleaner than a man's."

Hubby—"It ought to be. It changes oftener."

.....

JOHNNY'S PROGRESS.

"I am glad to see you home, Johnny," said the father to his small son, who was back on vacation.

"How are you getting on at school?"

"Fine," said Johnny. "I have learned to say 'Thank you' and 'If you please' in French."

"Good!" said the father. "That's more than you ever learned to say in English."

.....

"They've hired a ladies' tailor as paying teller at the Suffragettes' Bank."

"A tailor!" "Why?"

"He understands women's figures,"

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The criticisms of other schools are very necessary to us; for we are striving to make our magazine as good as possible, and these criticisms help us in carrying out this plan. They stir up the students and thus get them to furnish better material for our magazine.

The Virginian: Your magazine is rapidly improving, but we would suggest that you have some exchange notes.

The High School News, Gainesville Ga.: Your athletic write-ups are very interesting, but the advertisements dispersed throughout the reading matter certainly detract from your paper.

The Review is a very nice magazine, having some interesting and well written stories, such as "Melicent."

The Pattersonian: Some cuts would add a great deal to your magazine. I am sure you have an artist in your school.

The Bumble-Bee: We gladly receive your suggestion as to our magazine, and hope that we may profit by it in the future.

The William and Mary Literary Magazine: Your magazine is among the best that we receive. It contained some excellent stories in the last issue, such as "It Happened in Hotel DeBox."

We also acknowledge the following: *The B. H. S. Letter*, *The Academy News*, *The Blue and the Gray*, *The Student*, *The Sentinel*, *The X-Ray*, *The Monthly Chronicle*, *Lasell Leaves*, *The Quill*, *Criterion*, *The Central High School Bulletin*, *The Richmond College Messenger*.

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